

(Hey Pretty) Do You Want to Take a Ride With Me by **User_name_330**

Series: [How Billy and Steve should have met \[5\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy spotted the pretty brunette standing next to the road. “What a beautiful thing like you doing all alone on a night like this”?

Billy and Steve play a game. Steve wins.

(Hey Pretty) Do You Want to Take a Ride With Me

Author's Note:

So...this happened.

This makes me feel dirty, but like, in a good way.

I hope you enjoy.

Billy spotted the pretty brunette standing next to the road. It was lucky he didn't drive right pass; it was late, dark, and the street was void of any other cars. The Camaro rolled forward slowly with a growl-like rumble, as if stocking a prey. Pulling the car to a stop along the curb, he rolled down the window.

Licking his lips, Billy looked the brunette up and down. Long pale legs, a tight round ass, and tiny almost nonexistent breasts. The red dress was skin tight, hugging every curve available, and riding up with ever shift and move of those pretty legs. Chestnut shoulder length curls bounced, dark doe-like eyes shone under the streetlights, and cherry red lips quirked up into a nervous smile. Billy could have came right there just from the sight of it all. He didn't bother hiding the way he palmed the front of his jeans.

"Hey." His voice was low and smooth, like velvet. "What's a beautiful thing like you doing all alone on a night like this?" He asked in a sultry tone.

"Freezing my balls off." The brunette snorted.

Billy gave an annoyed huff. "I swear to god, Harrington. I'll keep driving around the block until you do it right." He had already done

so twice, and was about ready to leave for good this time.

Steve put his hands up defensively. He did seem to care much for the game his boyfriend wanted to play. "Okay, okay. But why'd we have to do this in the middle of the night? I'm cold." The other boy complained, shivering for good measure.

The blonde shook his head at the question, "Do you really want to do this during the day, when other's might be around?" He countered. When Steve shook his head no, Billy kept speaking. "Right. Now, be a good boy and play right, then maybe I'll warm you up."

The other boy nodded. With one last round of shivers, Steve bent forward. Resting his hands on knees, he arched his back and pushed out his artificial cleavage (thank you water bra!). He bit his lip coyly before setting it in a pout. "I am all alone." Stacy's voice was soft as cashmere. "I don't know how to get home. Can you help me?"

"Sure baby. But it'll cost ya." Billy's gaze traced the angles of the brunette's body before drifting back up to those deep brown eyes.

"I don't have any money though." She whined.

Billy chuckled predatorily. "I'm sure we can think of something. Get it." The brunette stood and walked around the car. Her steps were shaky, half from the cold and half from the heels Billy insisted on. He loved the way Steve's legs looked in them.

He also loved when Steve let Stacy come out to play. The other boy was hesitant at first. "Why do I have to pretend anymore, we're already together?" He had asked. But Billy explained that was part of the fun, being someone you're not. It still took Steve sometime to completely let himself go, but when he did...shit. Yes, sex with Steve was great, sweet, and passionate even. But sex with Stacy? It was different. It was raw and hot. Steve was different; he demanded more, screamed louder, let Billy fuck him until they both passed out immediately after. Billy loved Steve, but loved fucking Stacy.

When they pulled away from the curb, Billy shifted gears swiftly, flooring the accelerator and taking off into the night. He took a corner at breakneck speed, causing a high-pitched gasp from the passenger's seat. It reminded him of their first date, driving through the curves while Stacy giggled next to him. "Do you always have to go so fast?" She asked with feigned annoyance, though the blonde could hear a spark of laughter in her voice.

"I do everything fast, princess." Billy leered, running his hand up Stacy's thigh. His fingers began to creep up the hem of the dress, when they were smacked away. "What the fuck?" He cast a sideways glance to find Stacy with her arms cross and glaring at him.

"You think you can just pick me up and have your way with me? That I would just lay down and take it? I don't think so, mister."

Billy didn't know how to take that. Was this part of the Stacy act or was Steve really pissed this time? He didn't have time to respond before his passenger snapped again. "Pull over."

"What, Steve..."

"I said pull over! Any my name's not Steve. It's Stacy, or did you forget already? God, I'm really going to need to teach you a lesson. There, pull in back there." Stacy pointed to the alleyway behind KFC. The restaurant was closed, much like the rest of the businesses along the street.

Billy was still lost at what was happening, but complied and parked the car. When the engine cut off, Stacy reached over and pulled the seat lever. Billy inhaled sharply as his seat flopped backwards and Stacy straddled him.

Strong hands held him down. "You seem to think you're always in control. Well not tonight. Tonight, you're my bitch."

Billy growled at that. He loved the boy, but he wasn't anybody's bitch. "Steve," he warned, but was quickly cut off with a slap to the cheek. It was more playful than painful, but it did the trick. He looked up into the brunette's wild eyes.

"I told you, I'm not Steve. My name's Stacy. Say it." Stacy rolled her hips, grinding her ass against Billy's aching hard on. The blonde moaned and another smack landed on his cheek. "Say it, bitch."

Stacy kept rocking against him, the friction almost too much and not enough at the same time. "Shit, Stacy." Billy finally groaned.

"Good boy." The brunette cooed, placing a chastising kiss on the red mark blooming on her boyfriend's face. "Now, I'm going to ride your

cock. But first,” She paused only to push Billy’s hands away, clearly wanting to remain in control. “You have to beg for it.”

Billy whined, pushing his hips up to meet the other boy’s. Stacy clicked her tongue disapprovingly. She caught the blonde’s chin between her long fingers, making him meet her eyes. Those cherry red lips ghosted over his as she whispered, “I want you to beg for it. Tell me how much you want this pussy.”

His breath hitched, and he watched his lover with wide eyes. What had gotten into Steve? He’d never acted this way before. Sure, he liked playing dress up, but he never feminized himself like that before. ‘Shit, that’s so fuckin’ hot.’ Billy thought to himself. “I want it. I want to fuck your pussy.” His voice was thick with lust.

Stacy sat up, running her fingers down Billy neck, to the exposed part of his chest under his open shirt. “Are you sure, you don’t sound too convincing.” Blunt finger dragged across his skin, catching on one of his nipples. Billy hissed as Stacy’s mouth followed. Red lipstick smeared, as her tongue rolled over the nub.

“I want it. I want it so fuckin’ bad. I want to taste you.”

The brunette laughed, the breath hot against Billy’s wet skin. “You wanna eat me out? Wanna taste my cunt?” Billy nodded frantically. It took ever ounce of his being not to grab ahold of Stacy, flip her over and bury his face in that tight little ass. “Not today baby. I know,” she hushed as Billy whined again. “You can’t, but I’m already wet for you. See,”

Stacy grabbed Billy's hand and brought it between her legs. The blonde could feel the her hard cock trapped in the front of her silk panties. But when Stacy forced his finger further back, he also felt the dampness between her cheeks. He pushed forward, under the panties to feel Stacy's hole sloppy wet and ready for him. Billy's finger slid easily to the knuckle making them both moan. Quickly he added a second, pumping in and out. "Jesus. Fuck, Stacy. You're so wet. You feel so good."

She hummed in response. "You like fingering my cunt? Bet you can't wait to stick your cock in me. You want that don't you? want me to ride you 'til you cum in my pretty little pussy."

"Yes, baby. Please, god I wanna fuck you."

It took some awkward shuffling and rearranging, but Billy's pants were soon shoved down to his knees. Stacy spit directly on his cock head, using her hand to spread it around like slick. Billy couldn't help but growl at the filthy sight. The brown doe eyes watched him intently. Billy didn't speak, didn't move unless she told him too. It reminded him of a wild animal on the hunt, drive by instinct and lust. It was so fucking hot.

When Billy was slicked to her liking, Stacy repositioned, straddling her lover while hovering over his cock. Slow she began to sink down on it, inch by inch. She took her time, pull off slightly only to work more into herself again. Her eyes never left Billy's. When she was fully seated on Billy's lap, Stacy paused to catch her breath. The blonde rested his large hands on her waist, only to support his lover.

At first the brunette just rolled her hips, taking an agonizingly slow pace to warm herself up. After a beat though, she started bouncing

up and down. Billy huffed below her, loving the sight of his girl take his dick like a champ. But his eyes bulge when Stacy sat all the way up, almost fully sliding off his cock than slammed back down. She let out wail, doing it again and again.

Billy's grip tightened on her hips, no doubt leaving bruises on the creamy white skin. "Fuck baby, yeah. Take my cock. God, you're pussy's so tight." He groaned.

Stacy's head snapped back and her eyes closed. "Ohyeahohyeahohyeah." She chanted, bouncing with enthusiasm. Billy reached between her legs, stocking her leaking cock. "No," the brunette paused and shoved the hand away. "I wanna, uh, I wanna cum off your cock."

"Shit." Billy cursed, but returned his hand to his lover's hips, helping her ride his cock again. They shifted and Stacy arched her back, screaming. There it was, the magic spot. Billy grinned. "Ding, ding, ding! We have a winner." He sang.

"Shut. Up. And. Fuck. Me." Stacy panted, taking Billy even deeper. The pair groaned together, Billy thrusting up to meet Stacy slamming down on him. The Camaro rocked, the windows fogged, and the sound of moans and skin slapping together filled the air. It was all Stacy need to push her over the edge. She leaned forward, eyes screwed shut, mouth hanging open in a silent moan. Cum spurted between them hitting Billy's chest and smearing on the red dress.

Stacy slumped forward, burying her face into Billy's neck. The blonde kept thrusting up, seeking his own release. His breath was ragged and his gasps were erratic. "C'mon baby, cum for me. Cum in my pussy." Stacy breathed into his ear.

Billy moaned loudly as he came. Stacy clenched around him, taking all his seed. They clung together, shaking and rocking through the aftershocks of their orgasms. Billy felt butterfly kisses over his neck. Red lips caught his, the kiss was warm and sweet. "Steve?" He guessed.

The other boy chuckled. "Was that okay?" Steve asked, more shy than he was a moment ago.

"Okay? That was fucking amazing. Who know Stacy could be such a beast." The blonde joked.

"You said you wanted to play." Steve blushed. He worked on climbing off of Billy with out dripping cum all over the front of the car. Billy reach into the back seat for Steve's bag which held a change of boy's clothes and more importantly wet wipes. The pair cleaned themselves up while laughing, still high from their game.

"So, you really want me to eat your pussy?" Billy quipped, watching his boyfriend wipe the smear of red lipstick from his mouth.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Too bad I don't have one though, right?" He didn't mean for it to sound that way. It's not like he really wanted to be a girl, not at all. It did make him wonder if Billy wanted that though. He seem to really like the dirty talk at least.

"Hey, Steve." Billy caught his boyfriends attention and hand. Bring it closer, he kissed Steve's palm. "I'll eat your ass any day. You just

have to say the word, pretty boy.”

Steve blushed. It felt like a confession. Neither one had told the other how they truly felt, they had never said they “loved” each other. But this sounded pretty close, if only in the most debauched way. The brunette leaned forward and kissed the other boy. “Okay. But maybe another time. I’m too already too sticky.” He winced as he shift uncomfortably in the passenger’s seat.

“Whatever you say, princess.” Billy said as he started the Camaro and pulled out of the alleyway and into the night.